A Real "Opportunity" in Real Estate May Be Waiting for You in the Ads. Today

WIRELESS MAN'S LUCK EARNED HIM FORTUNES

Abraham White, the chief promoter of the De Forest companies, is a stock market plunger. More than once he has run a shoestring into a fortune. Last August, when Mr. Harriman startled Wall Street by putting Southern Pacific on a 5 per cent dividend basis, and raising the Union Pacific rate from 6 to 10 per cent, White was plunging on the bull side of the market in a Broadway brokerage house. He began buying Union Pacific at $140, and "pyramided" as the price advanced. The night before the announcement of the Harriman dividends, when Union Pacific was selling around $161. White was long of a big line of the stock, the most of it bought on his paper profits. The next day Union Pacific soared to $177, and not many days later it was selling at $195. In the parlance of the Street, White made a "killing." He says that he made $2,000,000, but $200,000 would probably be nearer the real figure. He made enough money, at any rate, to put him on "Easy street" for a while and to start him building more air castles. One of these air castles became a reality. White heard that the famous John A. McCall country mansion at Long Branch, N. J., could be bought at a bargain. He drew down a big share of his Union Pacific profits and bought the magnificent country seat.

Again Mr. White's luck was with him. Other wealthy and sagacious men had become elevated to the millionaire ranks the afternoon the ticker raised him among plutocrats. They, too, had their eyes on the McCall house, waiting only for a lucky stroke in the market to enable them to make the purchase. But Mr. White, as usual, was early on the ground. On Sunday, a week before, he and Mrs. White drove to Long Branch and inspected the great pile and its fifty-eight acres of elegant grounds, its own fire department, etc., and were pleasantly impressed with the place. So, when fortune was within his grasp, he closed the bargain for the place at once.

Then the telephone bell in his office began to give him trouble. The other new millionaires who were ready to buy the Long Branch place discovered they had been forestalled. But they were generous. How much would Mr. White take for his bargain? They offered $10,000, $20,000, even $50,000 bonus within an hour after he had made the purchase. He advised his secretary: "I won't sell. Tell them $100,000 bonus will not do; if they think they are willing to give that, tell them $200,000 more will not do. I will not sell."—Success.

CHAUNCEY SHAFER'S BOY FAITHFUL, BUT LITERAL

It is told of the late Chauncey Shafer, who bears the same relation to New York's anecdotage" that Sydney Smith does to London's, that he employed in his law office a stunted youth of very tractable temperament.

One day Mr. Shafer returned from lunch in a lively mood, and by token of the Medeira he had consumed, summoned Billy into his private office.

"Boy," he said, carelessly, "go over to the special term and see what in h—— they're up to there."

The late Judge Brady was presiding over the trial of an action involving many interesting questions of substantive law. Hence, the courtroom was empty save for the litigants, their counsel, and the necessary witnesses. Judge Brady's kindliness toward women and children was proverbial, and when Billy stood against the railing of the inclosure, his face barely reaching over the balustrade, the judge noticed him immediately. He interrupted the arguments of counsel and turned to Billy.

"Well, my lad," he said, in suave, judicial accents, "what can I do for you?"

"I'm from Mr. Shafer's office," Billy replied, "and he wants to know what in h—— you're up to over here."

GOT ANGRY AND QUIT WHEN HE WAS "FIRED"

In the somber fabric of the business world who is it strikes the pleasing note of color—the stenographer? Nope. It's the office-boy. He is the unconscious comedian of the mercantile scenario. The humorous journals are filled with his doings, and he figures prominently in the obituary columns of the morning papers. Rarely does a successful merchant die but what, among other life secrets, it is disclosed that he commenced work as an office boy, and it is a fact that the ranks of the millionaires are recruited more often from the humble bench in the outer office than from the halls of learning—this last a euphimism for colleges.

The writer at various times has attempted to extract—that's the word—from the office boys he has encountered a confession of their secret ambitions, with such responses as "Aw, cut it out!" or "Wot yer tryin' ter do—kid me?" One young man in the executive offices of a railroad was more communicative.

"I useter tink I'd like ter be an engineer," he said; "den I t'ought I'd like ter be a brakeman; but now I'm gettin' so gosh blame lazy dat I guess I'll be a station agent."

It seems to the writer that the majority of office boys feel keenly the responsibility of their exalted destinies, and resent accordingly any attempt to put them on record in a fashion that might mar the biography of a captain of industry.

Of all absolute misnomers, by the way, "Captain of Industry" is the worst. In the daily life of the person so called, industry, save in the smoking of large imported cigars, plays no part. Even his coupons are cut by the office boy, who, after all, first and last, is the real captain of industry.

In dignity, when the office boy cares to assume it, he surpasses the carriage caller in front of a dry goods store, and the cook herself is no more difficult to fire.

"I've quit," said the only hard-working member of a newspaper staff—the copy boy—to another of that ilk.

"Whaffor?" he was asked.

"Now—de old man insulted me," he replied.

"Wot did he do?"

"Now—he sez to me ten minutes ago—he sez—'D' cashier will give yer yer time'—he sez—'an' you git d' h—— out er dis.' An' so I gets mad an' quites, see!"—Success.

GROWTH OF STRATEGY IN MODERN BASEBALL

The strategy of the national game has advanced wonderfully. The Baltimore team of the National League was the pioneer in this development, and Ned Hanlon, at one time a great player himself, was the directing genius. The batting problem was responsible for the application of headwork to baseball. Opposing pitchers were far too effective; Baltimore was not a heavy batting team, and some plan had to be devised to get men around the bases. No one hears now of the pitchers of the champions of 1894, 1895 and 1896. The club had a great catcher in Robinson, who is no longer in the game. But the fielding of the team—who will forget it? Such dash has never since been shown, and it was worth the price of admission to see the team practice. Then the little fellows were quick thinkers and heady batters. In the outfield were Kelley, who has just red from Cincinnati, and the great Keeler, now of the New York Highlanders; at short, there was Jennings, who is now managing the Detroit Americans, and at third base was McGraw, who has made the New York Giants the wonder of the East and the fear of the West in the National League.

The Baltimore team developed the "bunt," which is a mere tap of the ball, rolling it preferably toward third base, but at a slow pace which makes quick and accurate handling imperative. The bunt is much used now to advance runners a base; in fact, so common has it become and so well is it executed, that a batsman is called out when he attempts to bunt on the third strike. The Baltimore batsman used it—and it is thus used today—not only to sacrifice a base runner from first to second or from second to third but for the purpose of putting himself on base. This he did by starting almost before hitting the ball, and thus beating out the throw. The play can be made on a big pitcher who is slow in his movements. It once won a crucial game for the Baltimores over Amos Rusie, then the most feared pitcher in the league.—Success.

PLAY IS INSURANCE FOR HAPPY LIFE

A great many people think that time spent in amusement is a wicked waste. They take life very seriously. They believe that we were put here to work, to keep everlastingly at it.

I know people who have lived such a strenuous life of work, and have had so little play, that they have lost the power of laughter and real enjoyment. One scarcely ever sees a smile on their faces. How unfortunate it is that a human being, who was made to be joyous and happy and to radiate sunshine, will go about with a long, gloomy face, with no play or fun in his life! It is certainly a very shortsighted policy, for there is no better investment for the business man than a lot of innocent fun, recreation and play. These are great restoratives of power, refreshing the animal spirits. The brain requires a great deal of lubricating.

There is every evidence that we were intended for fun; that humor and play were to have a great part in our existence. The long, serious, unhappy, discontented faces we see everywhere are all wrong. They come from unnatural, abnormal living. To thousands of people living in great cities there is very little of the normal play or satisfaction of the fun-loving faculties.

Variety, change—new faces, new laces, new environment—these are necessary for normal minds. Where the same thoughts, the same suggestions are held in the mind month in and month out we become rutty and stop growing. People who live monotonous lives cease to be interesting after a while, for they have no fresh food, no variety.

Most people do not have fun enough, nor play enough in their lives. Laughter and joy to the individual are what sunshine is to the flowers and trees—perpetual rejuvenators, health promoters.—Success.

MOUNTING TO SUCCESS BY BOOK CANVASSING

I have seen a green, diffident, awkward college student, right from the farm, so completely changed by his experiences in book canvassing during the vacation following his freshman year that you would scarcely have recognized him. Confidence and self-assurance had taken the place of timidity and self-consciousness. His canvassing tour had proved a tour of self-discovery. He had developed initiative, and the very discovery that he could sell something had increased his faith in himself.

His experiences had taught him a great deal about human nature. He had found that every person must be approached in a different way, from a different avenue; that what would convince one person might not have any influence on another. So he had been forced to study people, to learn to read them, that he might be able to approach different types of men and women in different ways—each according to his peculiar temperament.

It is really remarkable how quickly a canvassing experience develops a spirit of self-reliance and manly independence. There is no leaning here, no depending upon the advice of others. The canvasser must stand or fall alone.

There is nothing that will bring out the initiative, the resourcefulness and inventiveness in a man quicker than canvassing. Like traveling, it grinds off the hard angles and the rough corners of those who have not had the advantages of society.

If a certain amount of canvassing were obligatory in all our colleges and higher institutions of learning, I believe it would be a good thing for the students, because it would develop resourcefulness and inventiveness; it would show them a side of their nature which a college course does not touch.

It is well known that many students who pay their way in college by canvassing develop a remarkable practical power, which students whose expenses are paid by their parents do not develop.—Success.

BIG BALLOON ESCAPES; TWO MEN FACE DEATH

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., June 24.—Detective Callinan and Patrolman Roeder faced death for twenty minutes 400 feet up in the air in the basket of a captive balloon. The mechanism which brings the balloon to earth went wrong and the gas bag shot skyward.

Roeder, crazed with fear, wanted to jump, but Callinan drew his revolver and threatened to shoot him if he attempted to go over the side of the basket.

One out of every ten men you meet on the street is "interested in real estate," and would be interested in your real estate ad.

There are store ads printed today which will quicken the interests even of those curious folks who only "glance over the ads now and then."